

GOSSIP OF THE BACKWOODS

BY ALVIN HORTON.

This a clear, frosty morning which emphasizes the importance of blankets in a country home, and the farmer's heavy tread as he goes to feed his just interrupted a dream people with your partners in the day's drudgery. Being human, you cannot avoid the wish that these people would not persist in rising at three, which you consider the best hour in the twenty-four for sleep. The noises with-out, however, force the conviction that all nature antagonizes your mild contentment. The beging of fattening hogs ready for breakfast and the crowing of roosters all over the land testify that the owner is incapable of resting them with early hours; while the pot-rack of guinea tells you that even these pesty creatures rejoice at the proximity of daylight. You know that it is another morning to tax the courage of a fellow who has started on a new job; so you turn over and read over the paper from the cares of your labor. Drawing the cover better about you—for have you not begun to shiver at the prospect?—you are dreaming again in an amazingly short while; but this time your companions are those who desire in incidents that make life a easy life. The soft bed carries you, as would a magic hand, into that promised country just beyond the hard places here. Of course you are happy—inexplicably happy as you never were before.

In that short freedom from desire, you realize dimly that happiness comes only to those whose ambitions died long ago amid the difficulties attending their advancement. People who desire are compelled to labor, you feel, for a fulfillment of their wants, whereas those content with what they are and have are concerned only about the necessities. You see in your mind's eye a faithful portrait of yourself as you strove to succeed but a little while ago. You were earnest and red-eyed, so that your neighbors predicted all sorts of disaster only a few months ahead; you attained to several goals, but this fierce exultation at your success soon ended in the knowledge that you had only begun in a race of life-time length. Then you saw that life is a long battle with opportunities for weapons, and that one rises only by the opportunities neglected by his companions, tired or crushed in the fray. What is success or fame? You answer that it is something wholly inadequate for the trouble necessary to its attainment. Let others strive in the devious field, you say—others who think that premature age and a few worthless compliments from people slightly benefited are good enough pay for your life's work. You intend to join the vast army of folks who marry young and build cabins among the hills, for it is suddenly plain that only he who toils with his muscle and at night returns to a cheerful wife and big fire can be happy in this world. Yes, you desire to marry her whose laughter and eyes and faint approaches toward carelessness play before you in an eternal panorama of angelic graces. If you win, you're going to live the simple life, which, let it be understood, is the only happy life because it allows one to sleep as long as one likes!

You have become tender as a girl. The prospect is so pleasant that you know you will never have occasion to be mad or to do a harsh deed. Certainly you'll be happy when the misters of these eyes and that laughter and those faint carelessness play before you forever to drink your gentleness and to spread it—or a very moderate part of it—among the many who will envy this final success. You will pat people on the back, and you will joke familiarly with your early companions, all of whom will be proud that you elected to stay among them. If this humor should last, you will even tease certain girls about the days when you played together and you saw mud on their toes just as the saw it on yours, and you feel instinctively that she who laughs at you now will see only a wee bit of this familiarity. You will finally become so magnanimous as to congratulate Johnny—also an early playmate—upon the excellency of the whipping which he gave you for having cheated him in a game of marbles. But really you can afford to be thus tender. The thought that she loves you is all-sufficient. The world is brighter when one has realized that one is loved—especially by a lass like her. And then what a home you will have in that quiet log-structure standing on the hill-top, where a cluster of vines play with the wind! You will have your books and your fiddle, and her organ, and eatables enough to feed famished India that the preacher talks so much about. Barrels of flour will sink in the yard, and you will make waffles will fight to get to your mouth, and that sweet little red one of hers! The only serious thing you contemplate is—fun, actually you'll have so much fun, that the main form adquired by her will spread out of shape till you get in and forbids your wearing the latest style of shoes!

But anon you become conscious that something strange has come quickly upon you, and you feel about you and you are rocked and swayed as if an earthquake were bent on tearing up a domain so incompatible with the common lot. In a moment you are awake—fully awake to the knowledge that such happiness must be put aside until another dream-time. Then you discover that the farmer, returning from his barn, has walked across the porch and shaken it with his two hundred and fifty pound stride. You discover also that it is almost the hour for breakfast. Indeed the good housewife is arousing the children from the trundle, and bed and trying to make clear to their clouded minds that the morning meal is awaiting the pleasure of sluggards. The coffee mill, which sounds the last signal for your getting up, has already started with its everlasting roar. Although almost paralyzed before the necessity of braving the atmosphere in that well-ventilated room, you see that there is not a moment to be lost. Knowing that the host will soon shake a lantern over your head and grumble about the few hours you will be able to utilize, you jump from your cozy place of dreams and get entangled in the ample folds of your working clothes. After some trouble you are up for the day. And a delightful day it promises to be. A full moon is passing off behind the western horizon, so that stars are left blinking before approaching day. The fields are white with the biggest frost of the season; but you know that 9 o'clock will find the air soon too cool for exercise with the corn gatherers who

seem incapable of being daunted by the hugeness of manual labor. With a sigh, a long sigh, you wash and get ready for another day of routine so utterly different from the path about which you dreamed a little while ago. Soon, however, you are aware that an inspiration, startling almost in its benighted effect, has seized you with a clutch that imparts strength sufficient for the day. Something in the cool morning tells you that the happiness of which you dreamed can never be realized with the magic suddenness of dreams; that nothing worthy of attainment is ever achieved without toil, and that according to the exercise of your strength and skill now will your content be to-morrow. Life is one long opportunity, you are told, and any man who fails to profit thereat is but little above the ox in the field. This world stands on an ebb to-day, the aims toward which long-haired men worked through the ages. Nor does the happiness of him who does nothing count in the long run; for every individual has been given reason and is expected to govern his limbs and aspirations by the bestment of himself and those about him. When there is nothing to be done, the world will stop, and the dead rise! With the gathering of your strength you realize, moreover, that the happiness of your morning dream can be materialized by the foregoing of trifling content now and a judicious reply to the voices that speak in your little world. The picture was merely one of reward for the mental duties discharged now and a short while hence. She who is the bright center of that terra panorama is worth a lot of struggle, you say, with an earnestness almost commensurate with that which hid you toward the log-structure on the hill-top an hour ago, you start for the new job. A new lad throughout—softened by your dreaming and strengthened with the heaven-born inspiration to work with all the force that is in you, you will succeed, you know.

QUESTION OF A NEW JAIL.

County Commissioners of Rowan Rehash the Question, Again But Reach No Conclusion—Suit Against the Yaddick. Special to The Observer. Salisbury, Nov. 10.—The county commissioners at their last meeting discussed still more the new jail and the quarters of the jailer and took a peep at the plans of Architect Frank P. Milburn, who has drawn a pretty prison house. It has not been a smooth political proposition and there has been considerable opposition to the erection of so expensive a institution as this one. But it will undoubtedly be done. The present one seems designed to facilitate lynchings and it is an ugly speck upon the prettiest piece of real estate in the town. The present and retiring board still run it through, so the members think.

The Lutherans are thinking of establishing a mission at High Point and to that end, Rev. Dr. G. H. Cox, Rev. Mr. V. Y. Boeger and Mr. J. D. Hellig, the chief officers of the North Carolina Synod, went there yesterday to look over the field. They think there is no doubt that a minister will be put in charge of the work and that a congregation will soon be developed from his efforts. That growing denomination has built a church in Lexington beginning in this way. Hon. Z. B. Sanders, late candidate for solicitor of the tenth judicial district, was here this morning on legal business. He has instituted suit in the sum of \$2000 against the Yaddick Railroad leased by the Southern, for the death of Miss Mary Carlin, who was killed last week by a shifting train. The news of that accident is still fresh, the unfortunate woman having started on a visit to relatives in Stanly county and stepping from an embankment to the car where the Yaddick branches off, was run over by the string of freight cars and instantly killed. Mr. Sanders thinks he has a good case and will fight the matter in the Stanly courts. The city schools will observe arbor day most fittingly and the preparation for it goes on prettily. There will be recitations appropriate to the occasion and it is thought to be by all means. Each of these will be named for some great man whose arboreal prediction is a matter of history. There will be Longfellow, Laier, Webster and other great names that will grow out of the ground.

This Day in History.

Name day: Martin B. Sun rises at 7:11; sets at 4:59. 1620.—The Plymouth pilgrims signed an instrument for their government, which was to go into force on the first landing. It had the signatures of 41 of their number, and they with their families amounted to 101 persons. John Carver was chosen Governor for one year. Thus did the intelligent colonists, says Holmes, "find means to erect themselves into a republic, even though they had commenced their enterprise under the sanction of a royal charter, a case that is rare in history and can be effected only by that perseverance which the true spirit of liberty inspires." 1621.—Robert Cushman arrived at Plymouth in a ship from England, bringing 35 persons to remain in the colony, and a charter procured in London. 1692.—The negroes of the Barbados conspired against their masters, for which many of them were executed. 1778.—A body of Tories, Indians and British regulars, under the notorious John Butler, attacked Fort Mifflin, at Cherry Valley. After an attack of 3 hours, they killed, having killed ten soldiers and massacred 32 inhabitants, mostly women and children. 1794.—A treaty was concluded at Candigua between the United States by Timothy Pickens and the Six Nations by 58 of their chiefs, among whom were Red Jacket and Cornplanter. 1794.—Marquis LaFayette escaped from the prison at Olmutz. 1804.—James Monroe appointed U. S. Minister to Spain. 1813.—Battle of Williamsburg, Canada. The Americans, under Gen. Boyd, 1700, attacked the British, 2,170. The victory was claimed by both parties, though it seems to have been with the British. 1835.—Great tempest on Lake Erie; a number of lives and vessels lost; the water rose higher than it was ever known before at Buffalo and did great damage. 1840.—Henry Maynard, a Revolutionary officer and army surgeon, died at Annapolis, Md., aged 93. 1854.—The American ship Herald was fired on by British man-of-war. 1861.—Guyandotte burned by the Unionists. 1861.—General Halleck takes command of the western department. 1862.—General Ransom defeated the Confederates under Woodward, near Garrettsburg, Ky. 1868.—The Fox and Wisconsin rivers improvement convention met at Prairie du Chien. 1884.—The third plenary council of the Roman Catholic Church in session at Baltimore, Md.

RHEUMATISM CAN NOT BE RUBBED AWAY

It is perfectly natural to rub the spot that hurts, and when the muscles, nerves, joints and bones are throbbing and twitching with the pains of Rheumatism the sufferer is apt to turn to the liniment bottle, or some other external application, in an effort to get relief from the disease, by producing counter-irritation on the flesh. Such treatment will quiet the pain temporarily, but can have no direct curative effect on the real disease because it does not reach the blood, where the cause is located. Rheumatism is more than skin deep—it is rooted and grounded in the blood and can only be reached by constitutional treatment—IT CANNOT BE RUBBED AWAY. Rheumatism is due to an excess of uric acid in the blood, brought about by the accumulation in the system of refuse matter which the natural avenues of bodily waste, the Bowels and Kidneys, have failed to carry off. This refuse matter, coming in contact with the different acids of the body, forms uric acid which is absorbed into the blood and distributed to all parts of the body, and Rheumatism gets possession of the system. The aches and pains are only symptoms, and though they may be scattered or relieved for a time by surface treatment, they will reappear at the first exposure to cold or dampness, or after an attack of indigestion or other irregularity. Rheumatism can never be permanently cured while the circulation remains saturated with irritating, pain-producing uric acid poison. The disease will shift from muscle to muscle or joint to joint, settling on the nerves, causing inflammation and swelling and such terrible pains that the nervous system is often shattered, the health undermined, and perhaps the patient becomes deformed and crippled for life. S. S. S. thoroughly cleanses the blood and renovates the circulation by neutralizing the acids and expelling all foreign matter from the system. It warms and invigorates the blood so that instead of a weak, sour stream, constantly depositing acid and corrosive matter in the muscles, nerves, joints and bones, the body is fed and nourished by rich, health-sustaining blood which completely and permanently cures Rheumatism. S. S. S. is composed of both purifying and tonic properties—just what is needed in every case of Rheumatism. It contains no potash, alkali or other mineral ingredient, but is made entirely of purifying, healing extracts and juices of roots, herbs and barks. If you are suffering from Rheumatism do not waste valuable time trying to rub a blood disease away, but begin the use of S. S. S. and write us about your case and our physicians will give you any information or advice desired free of charge and will send our special treatise on Rheumatism.

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The Singer Sewing Machine means all the difference between needle-and-thread drudgery and the most fascinating employment any home-loving woman can engage in. Between the peerless Singer and the best of the department-store machines there is no more real resemblance than between fine linen and burlap. Moreover, the Singer Sewing Machine agency is always as accessible as the Post Office. In every part of the world the

SINGER Sewing Machine

is established—not only in the homes of the people, but also in convenient stores where instruction, advice, new parts and quick repairs are always ready.

Advertisement for Singer Sewing Machine, including the Singer logo and contact information for Singer Sewing Machine Co., 220 North Tryon St.

GO TO THE ODEON RINK

208 S. TRYON. MEET ME AT THE Afternoon 2:30 to 5. Evening 8 to 10:30.

RHEUMATISM Cured THROUGH THE BLOOD

Advertisement for Westover Rye Whiskey, featuring a bottle illustration and text describing its medicinal benefits for rheumatism and other ailments.

Advertisement for The Oliver Machine, featuring an illustration of a large industrial machine and text describing its capabilities.

Advertisement for Electric Cooking, describing the benefits of electric kettles and other appliances.

Advertisement for The D. A. Tompkins Co., Engineers and Machinists, located in Charlotte, N. C.

Advertisement for Manteles, Tiles, and Grates, featuring the name J. N. McCausland & Co. and their address at 221 S. Tryon Street.

Advertisement for Leonard L. Hunter, Architect, located at 40's Building, Charlotte, N. C.

Advertisement for Frank P. Milburn & Co., Architects, located in Washington, D. C.

Advertisement for Dr. C. L. Alexander, Dentist, located at the Carson Building, Southeast Corner Fourth and Tryon Streets.

Advertisement for Hook and Rogers, Architects, located at the Second Floor 40's Building, Charlotte, N. C.

Advertisement for Wheeler, Runge and Dickey, Architects, located at the Second Floor 40's Building, Charlotte, N. C.

Advertisement for Dr. E. Nye Hutchison, J. J. Hutchison, located at the E. Nye Hutchison & Son Insurance building.

Advertisement for Frederick I. Peare, Concert Pianist, located at Studio 501 N. Poplar St., Tel. 1820.

heavy Repairs

1st Cotton Mill Man: "We ought to have a machine shop in the South to do our heavy repairs." 2nd Cotton Mill Man: "What do you call heavy repairs?" 1st C. M. M.: "My Corlies engine isn't working right. I hate to spend the money to bring a man all the way from Providence, R. I. to overhaul it." 2nd C. M. M.: "You don't have to. The D. A. Tompkins Co. has been overhauling Corlies engines for a long time, and they do it well. They've got all the tools and small engines to drive the boring bars and everything." 1st C. M. M.: "Is that so? If the Tompkins Co. are doing such work I'll have them send a man to the mill at once to look the engine over and see what it needs and make a price on doing the job." And so a knowledge of our shop gradually extends. That's the one trouble we have in building up a machine building and repairing business here in the South. The mill men have got their minds fixed on Providence and other distant places and don't look up the facilities here at home. There are many economies in dealing at home. There is saving of freight and of time. When there is a break down the wheels can be put turning again quicker through a home shop than through a distant one. We solicit heavy repairs, as well as medium and little ones. We are well equipped to do all repairs.

THE D. A. TOMPKINS CO. MACHINE BUILDERS. CHARLOTTE, N. C.

THE CHARLOTTE SUPPLY CO. AGENTS FOR American All-Wrought Steel Split Pulleys and "Giant" Stitched Rubber Belting. We carry in stock Yale and Towne Hoists up to six tons capacity; also a full-line of Packing, Pipe, Valves and Mill Supplies.

"Tell Us Your Wants"

We will send on approval to any responsible party in North or South Carolina, anything in Harness or Saddlery Goods. Our stock of Harness, Saddles and Accessory Goods is the largest in the Carolina and we can furnish you anything a horse wears or a horseman needs. Write or call on us.

J. W. WADSWORTH'S SONS CO. CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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R. E. COCHRANE. Insurance and Real Estate Agent.

Advertisement for King's Business College, featuring the college logo and text about its programs and location in Charlotte, N. C.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL

M. P. O'CALLAHAN, Mgr. Charlotte, N. C. In The Center of the Business District. Having spent \$30,000 in renovating, remodeling and refurbishing this popular Hotel, it now ranks with the best in the State. All rooms heated by steam and lighted by electricity. Electric elevator. New baths. Cuisine unsurpassed south of Washington. This Hotel is now thoroughly screened throughout, thus abating the fly and mosquito nuisance.

Advertisement for Amulet Whiskey, featuring a bottle illustration and text describing its quality and price.